

The Pocahontas Times.

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Marlinton, Pocahontas County, West Virginia, March 13, 1902

\$1.00 a Year

Lam Cards.

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Attorneys and Counselors-at-Law
MARLINTON, W. VA.

Prompt and careful attention
given to all business placed in
their hands.

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Will practice in the courts of
Pocahontas county and in the Su-
preme Court of Appeals.

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Practices in Greenbrier and ad-
joining counties.

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Will practice in the courts of
Pocahontas and adjoining counties
and in the Court of Appeals of the
State of West Virginia.

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counties. Prompt and careful
attention given to all legal work.

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Pocahontas and adjoining counties
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Prompt and careful attention
given to all legal business.

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J. M. CUNNINGHAM, M. D.,
Physician and Surgeon,
MARLINTON, W. VA.

Office and residence opposite the
Marlinton Hotel. All calls an-
swered promptly.

L. J. MARSHALL, M. D.,
Physician and surgeon,
MARLINTON, W. VA.

All calls promptly answered.
Office over Marlinton Drug Store.

DR. O. J. CAMPBELL,
Dentist,
MONTEREY, VA.

Will visit Pocahontas county at
least twice a year. The exact date
of his visit will appear in this
paper.

DR. M. STOUT,
DENTIST,

Has located and is ready for
business in the Bank of Marlinton
building, Marlinton, W. Va.

HENRY A. SLAVEN,
Practical Land Surveyor,

Meadow Dale, Virginia.
Maps and Blue Prints a specialty.
Work in Pocahontas County solic-
ited.

A WAR TIME VISIT

Second of a Series of Articles from the pen
of Hon. W. H. Ruffner

His Journey from Lewisburg to Rock-
ingham in the Fall of '61. Harrow-
ing Incident in the Family of Rob-
ert Moore.

Leaving Lewisburg October 10, 1861, I took the road to Marlinton Bottom, and was soon absorbed in viewing the beauty and fertility of the valley, and the comfortable residences of the people. I dined at Mr. Renick's. In the afternoon I had two mountains before me to cross. Spring Creek and Droop Mountains, whose rocks like on top of the limestone, are quite different. To this day I have a feeling of recollection for those hard ribs of yellow slate lying across the road with "chuck holes" between, brought into this condition by Lee's wagon trains. I had broken one of my carriage springs on Sewell, and on Droop this other one snapped. All I could do on reaching Neff's was by the aid of cords and blocks to convert the carriage into a wagon without springs.

Descending Droop Mountain on the 11th of October, I was repaid with the beautiful views of Little Levels; whose lovely green hills must have been called levels in contrast with the big hills and mountains around. Locust and Stamping Creeks furnish sweet waters for this elevated basin, and they are said to burst in full volume from the mountain sides. The honey comb rocks which lie strewn along the road here and in the Lewisburg Valley are interesting to the most casual observer, and should be explained in the schools as examples of the metamorphoses in which nature sometimes indulges—to speak materially. All these rocks and hills and that bright, gliding Greenbrier River afford endless subjects for the instruction of young and old. And there is that cozy Marlinton Bottom which seemed to invite the traveler to rest. Whether the new town upon it and the steam cars make the spot more attractive, I cannot say.

On my visit in 1861 esthetic sentiments were soon driven out by painful realities. At the Marlinton bridge I struck the line along which Lee's military operations were conducted before he went to Sewell Mountain. The army wagon from Millboro to Valley Mountain and the witness of the season had converted the roads into swamps crossed at intervals by rock ledges. The rocks often stilled and sometimes wrecked the wagons, whilst the almost bottomless mud basins at times swamped teams and wagons, and even drowned horses and mules, which had fallen. Of course the loads on the wagons had to be reduced to about one-fourth a load.

I soon had a little experience of my own. Moving in the direction of Edray (Northwest) not far above the bridge I came to a deceitful little dirt in crossing which my horse sank to the shafts and the axle trees sank out of sight in the soft mud. My noble horse was considerate enough to submit without a struggle. Fortunately I had bought an extra horse on Meadow River, and had mounted my negro man upon him. So that whilst I was sinking in the mud my man Newton was building a bridge of poles, by means of which the carriage was emptied of its load. Still the horse could not budge until we lifted the shafts off of him; when he succeeded by much plunging in reaching firmer ground. But there stood my carriage! What was I to do? It was not long until I heard the shout of a wagoner, the cracking of a whip and the plouting of wagon wheels. Here comes a Confederate four horse wagon with a full load—a full load, mind you, consisting of just three barrels of flour for Gilham. The wagoner proved to be a friendly fellow who no doubt had been in trouble himself. He had to keep clear of my mud basin, but by the help of Newton's bridge he got a line of chains extended from his hind axle-tree to my carriage by which it was drawn out.

Col. Gilham, of the Virginia Military Institute, an old acquaintance of mine, had a small army one or two miles beyond, near Edray, which he had brought from Valley Mountain, and now was Lee's rear guard, and also had charge of the sick on that line. Gilham taught geology at the Virginia Military Institute, and on my reaching his camp, I told him of my desire to go on with the geological section which had been stopped last year at Edray; in fact that my chief motive in coming there was to get the privilege of seeing what was on the west side of Elk Mountain, and that I wanted him to go with me. His answer was more abrupt than was usual with him.

"No, Sir," he said, "I won't go and you shan't go. I have no desire to be snatched up by Yankee scouts, and I don't want you to be either!"

I was now but a short distance from the farm of my friend, Robert Moore, with whom I stayed just a year before. When I came

If thou would'st read a lesson that will keep Thy heart from fainting, and thy soul from sleep, Go to the woods and hills. —Longfellow.

THE OLD AFRICAN CHURCH

Of Richmond, Virginia, in Antebellum Days.

The Members of this Church Numbered Thousands, and was in Charge of a White Minister. Blind Tom, the Black Musical Genius, Played in this Church.

The old African church was imposing at first sight; it did not soar high with towers and spires, and yet was really a substantial brick building, some thousands; built somewhat in the form of a Grecian cross, one side as long as the other; it covered a wide extent of ground. During a portion of my childhood I lived just below it on Broad Street and a solemn interesting time it was to me every Sunday afternoon to watch the immense sable congregation that emerged from that brick church. With the peculiar indulgence that Virginians were accustomed to give negro slaves in certain customs that became as fixed as the laws of the Medes and Persians, it was settled that one side of the street should be wholly relinquished for hours to the outgoing colored congregation. And the "members" made the most of it: all along the sidewalk collected little knots of "brethren" talking most earnestly together on the subject of religion—the sermon just heard or personal pious experiences; pious along among them you would hear no worldly chattering, it was wholly spiritual conversation, and surely this was a good thing of a Sunday afternoon. Such singing, too, as echoed from the walls of the old African Church! Negroes generally sing, and the voices at that church were trained well—they sang with the spirit and with understanding. It was no less a musical composer and critic than the great Lowell Mason, who said that he had met with his life time of music only two perfect choirs, and one of these was the old African Church in Richmond, Virginia. Just before the War some Northern friends visiting me we paid a sight seeing visit to a large tobacco factory of Richmond—the workmen were mostly, if not wholly, colored people from grey haired old men to little tots of boys engaged in the varied work. At a given signal by the white foreman, and unnoticed by us, the entire colored force began to sing harmoniously with different parts. In all my life I never heard such sweet and inspiring music—it almost lifted the spirit away from this lower sphere and afforded a taste of upper things. I shall not hear the like again on earth.

During the War exhibitions were held in Richmond of that musical erratic genius, Blind Tom, an idiotic young negro. I attended such an exhibition one week day morning in the old African Church. Blind Tom's instrument was a Grand Piano and most wonderfully did he handle it: long and difficult compositions were nothing to Blind Tom—from treble to bass, the long bony fingers traveled with precision, in perfect time, now loud, then soft and low, and all without any visible effort, and yet one could not detect that he enjoyed the "matinee" as did his audience; perhaps the ever continued exhibition wearied him. All who listened applauded him and in the applause he joined also: It was amusing to see him clap his own hands in praise of himself. A part of the performance was to stand with his back to the instrument and play, his hands behind him, which he did very well. Also, he could repeat verbatim a long political speech heard accidentally by him, the speech interspersed with cheers, which the blind boy put in at the right place. The personal appearance of this musical genius was of an idiot and as such he was classed. Now, how is the matter to be accounted for, how explained? In an old copy of the Literary Digest I read an interesting article by one Dr. Peterson, a scientific man writing on idiotic prodigies, mathematical, musical, etc., and he says these foolish beings have a sense abnormally developed and thus perform great feats which in view of their otherwise mental feebleness appears the greater. Some have been known to calculate very quickly hard questions in mental arithmetic. With them the visual organ is precociously developed and where a balanced mind would use figures, if not slate, the idiot holds before his one single sense any thing he is used to, his fingers, pebbles, abacus, etc., but invisibly to others, all within his inward eye, and produces the answer before scholar has it ready—the process abnormal just as the single cell of brain is abnormally developed, in other words, all this is the plain mark of disease and of early if not present degeneracy. So with Blind Tom: his auditory nerve was over developed, indeed it was all the approach to sense he had; he heard beyond the power of usual hearing or imitation followed; blindness added also to the matter for the blind hear instinctively. What this idiotic boy heard once he immediately repeated of himself, whether music, speech or applause, and yet to him it may

not have been no more than the senseless repetition of a parrot. I regret not knowing the after career of this strange colored anomaly, but I am under the impression that he died young.

To be in mind well balanced,
Oh what a precious boon;
As morning sun advances
To high meridian noon:
Then brightly down the heaven's slope
Shines backward with a future hope.

A. L. P.

LOUIS KOSKOUTH.
Early in the year 1882 there arrived in this country the noted Louis Koskouth.

The house of Hapsburg had for three hundred years been encroaching upon the liberty of Hungary. Hungary repelled these aggressions, and under the influence of the talented Koskouth the crisis of this contest was reached in 1848.

Born in the 4th year of the century Koskouth early took an interest in public affairs, and in 1847 he became the master spirit of the Diet which enunciated to the world the following program:

1. The equal distribution of public burdens.
2. Participation of the common people in legislative and municipal rights.
3. Equality before the law
4. Abolition of imperial dues with indemnity of landed proprietors.
5. Security to credit and property by abolition of imperial dues.

These just and wise laws were unanimously passed by the Diet in March 1848, and received the consent of the Emperor (frightened by the French Revolution) on the 11th of April. But the Slavonic races of Hungary preferred slavery under the Austrians to liberty under the Magyars, who now controlled the Diet. This led to the invasion of Hungary by the Croats and the Austrians, and the conflict on behalf of the Croats and the Magyars drove both Croats and Austrians from the field, and in April, 1849, Koskouth was governor of the Kingdom.

Austria then appealed to Russia and the combined forces of Austria, Russia and Croats compelled the surrender of the brave patriots. Koskouth escaped to Turkey, from whence he and his associates were brought to this country on the frigate Mssissipp, by direction of Congress. He was received everywhere, both here and in England with the loudest acclamations of applause. He preached every where the doctrine that no nation has the right to interfere in the internal affairs of another nation. The following is an extract from one of his speeches delivered in England:

"It is a glorious position that the English race holds. It is the only one which has neither to fear the changes of time nor the ambitions of man. Provided the public spirit of its people never fail to meet the exigencies of the times; your watchfulness and resolution being the chief guarantee of your country's greatness and happiness. I take it as the most comforting hope of oppressed humanity. It is not without reason that my native land and all other oppressed nations look up to your example as to whom the Almighty has not in vain imparted the spirit to guide the tide of human destiny. The generous sympathy of the people of England for my bleeding, struggling, down trodden, but not broken country is one but not the only manifestation by which England shows her readiness to assume this role of elder brother to humanity. (Great applause). This country knows that its welfare and prosperity founded upon your genius and industry can not be independent of the condition of other nations. God has awarded two blessings to those whom he has elected: Bliss in Heaven and Freedom on earth. Freedom is the basis upon which England gives a paradise on this earth which must strengthen the fire in every heart to convert other parts of the world into a paradise such as England is. Do not grant to despots the charter to drown liberty in blood and by not granting that charter be liberators of the world."

But I fear you are tired of these things and I will quote no more of the eloquence of the great Magyar. Suffice it to say he was one of the greatest men the world has ever produced, thought by some to be the equal of Napoleon the Great in all but selfish ambition. He sought in vain to form a league between England and the United States for the preservation of the rights of the nations.

But what, if now the Magyar hero should come to England and this country upon such an errand—would he be greeted by those loud acclamations of applause which greeted him fifty years ago? So are we fallen in half a century that instead of alliance with England for the preservation of the rights of nations, we have a tacit quasi alliance for oppression.

M. A. D.

A LETTER FROM MADEIRA.

Rev H. W. McLaughlin Writes of his Trip Across the Atlantic.

This was Written from Madeira, the First Land Seen since Leaving New York, and was Mailed at Gibraltar. He tells of Life on Shipboard and in the Madeira Islands.

Off the Coast of Africa, February 18, 1902—"Neptune's Dominion and Crown"—On February 8, the Steam Ship Celtic steamed out from New York City with some 850 passengers on board and 450 in her crew. Thousands gathered at the pier to bid their friends adieu and to wish all a bon voyage. It was cold, raw, and the big ship plowed her way with difficulty through the ice that was slowly moving out. With the exception of a twelve hours delay in the harbor due to ice and frozen pipes ours has been indeed a bon voyage. Each night from the "crows nest" has come the glad, yet melancholy sounding cry, "ALL'S WELL, ALL'S WELL." That there have been no deaths or serious sickness among 1300 persons for 10 days is being blessed beyond expectation. We have had but one day when the sea was at all rough. So far on board had made up their minds they would be sea sick. A few, about one in ten, were what may be called the woeful. They had fallen out with their stomachs, and bemoaned the curses of Neptune.

There have been several lectures and musical entertainments on board ship. At one of these the following poem was recited by a fellow voyager, who had the distinctive and distinguished name of Smith.

"The Wail of the Woeful: Dedicated to the Uncomfortable"
"My country 'tis of thee,
Steaming along the sea,
For thee I sigh:
Land where no smells abound,
Land where no twines surround
For thee I die."
"How can the cheerful smile?
How can they time beguile?
Would I were home,
What are thy joys to me?
Steaming along at sea?
Woeful as I can be—
Why did I come?"

But for me the trip has been one of the keenest enjoyment from the start: I have not missed a meal, and while I did not know a passenger when we moved out from New York, I have been able to make the acquaintance of many highly intelligent and delightful people. It would be hard to gather more congenial and highly cultured company than we have. There are some in most American gatherings however who have more manners and ours is no exception, but such are happily few in our company.

One of the most distinguished as well as one of the most delightful of our party is Dr. Joseph Strong, who told me that he lives in New York City during the day and outside during the night. General McAlpin, Hon. Jas. A. Gary, Ex-Postmaster General, and Mrs. S. Barton Harrison, an authoress of some note, are members of this cruise. Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Archibald, of Parkersburg, W. Va., are among the most pleasant people I have been able to meet. Mr. Archibald is well acquainted with Hon. G. H. Moffett, of Parkersburg, and Jas. Moffett, of New York, both of whom are natives of Pocahontas. Among others from West Virginia are Mr. Wm. F. Stifel and daughter, of Wheeling. Mr. Stifel was at one time a part owner of the McGraw lands near Marlinton. Col. J. T. Boyer, is also an honored member of the West Virginia contingent.

After a week of watching and feeling the ceaseless roll of the ocean, the cry was passed, "Ho! Land!" It was probably over fifty miles away and looked like an ethereal cloud hanging upon the horizon. It was Madeira, whose highest peaks are over six thousand feet above the sea. After a while the cloud appearance changed to that of a large rock, then steaks of white which prove to be water falls, and the deeper colors which develop into slopes, plateaus come out on the picture. It was not until we were very near that the island was seen in all its kaleidoscopic beauty. Madeira, is known as the land of wine, the Crown of Neptune; it also might be known as the island of colors.

We are not more than anchored off from Funchal, the capital city, of some 150,000 people, till small boats literally swarm around the great ship. Some with wicker ware, laces, prints, etc., and some manned by half naked natives who are said to be the most marvelous swimmers and divers in the world. I am prepared to believe anything about them. They set up a terrible noise for money to be thrown to see them dive. A six pence thrown into the water sent two of them down. If they ever miss a coin no one knows of it. They usually come up with a coin held firmly between their toes.

What a change from West Virginia with its zero weather and frost to Madeira with balmy sun-

mer breezes and flowers. The people, government and religion is that of Portugal. Ignorance and immorality, as in most Catholic countries, is rife. Only to percent can read and vice thrive. One who has lived here to years says, "And this is a place where Rome has held the people enchained and almost motionless and silent under foot for all the five centuries since the island was first colonized, makes an instructive spectacle."

Almost every child you see asks for a penny, and other beggars are plentiful on the streets. Before any service is performed a definite bargain is necessary or you will be charged two or three prices. There is, however, a contingency of English and Scotch people in the island, and their influence is seen on the life of many of the natives.

I visited the United States Consul and was very cordially received. I also visited the Methodist and Presbyterian Missions where a hearty welcome awaited all of our party who chose to avail themselves of it. The Methodist Mission has just been founded and seems very enterprising. The Presbyterian Mission was founded about 1840, but has suffered persecution and many reverses. They now hold services in English and Portuguese. It conducts schools in different parts of the island. The Presbyterian pastor, Rev Drummond Paterson entertained three of us at dinner. Mrs. Paterson is from Devonshire, England, and all who have partaken of the cordial hospitality of the English colony in the vicinity of Mingo, are prepared to understand what we enjoyed at Funchal, Madeira.

We were taken through the handsomest private garden in the island and when we understand that almost every well to do man has what would be considered a very fine green house in the U. S. A., we will know that you cannot describe this particular garden. It belongs to a wealthy wine merchant who offered us good English hospitality.

The streets are narrower and steeper than those of Lynchburg, Va. But they are very smooth, having a peculiar paving of small stones taken from the seashore. Some of the guide walks are almost like mosaic.

The public carriage called a carra is a sled for four persons drawn by a yoke of oxen. They have a little cog railway that runs up a mountain some 2,000 feet, from which eminence we got a splendid view. The ocean, the city, the mountains, with fields cultivated to the summit, growing sugar cane and fruit in all stages of maturity from blossom to maturity, formed the panorama.

The people have some queer customs. Their country is done Romeo and Juliet fashion. The young gentleman is placed with the appearance of a young lady on the street or at church. He spots her home which has a high wall and grated windows. He hangs around by a large post or other places where he may be seen; the young lady appears at window, the conversation proceeds from health and weather to other topics. The strength of the lover's devotion is proved by the way that he may prove wealth and water proof. When the lovers come to the conclusion that they have souls made for each other, the young man sends a friend to negotiate the matter with the father. If successful the lovers become engaged and the young man may visit as men do in Pocahontas county. When a man wishes to leave home and cannot take his wife with him he takes her to a place in Funchal called Bon Jesu and has her locked behind iron bars under the care of the priests so he may know where to find her when he returns. For all the memories of Madeira none is sweeter than that of family worship in the home of the Scotch minister. The minister's wife presided at the piano, and her sister, daughter of 12, husband, and three servants joined in the singing of that sweet old hymn, "Abide with me." The singing as well as the reading of the Scriptures and the prayer were in the Portuguese language. All of the servants are earnest Christians. All joined in the language of faith, which God loves, as we prayed together and remembered the dear ones absent the mighty ocean in the beautiful land.

Henry Woods McLaughlin.

NOTICE
The Chesapeake Western Company desires to communicate with responsible parties who are equipped to peel and deliver tan bark in quantities of 500 cords and over from the Company's property to the Chesapeake Western Railway or tram roads near Stokesville, Va., during the coming season. Supplies and feed can be obtained at the Company store. For particulars, address or call at the Harrisonburg office or Mr. H. R. Warren Supt. at Stokesville, Va.

Half an hour is all the time required to dye with PUTNAM FADELESS DYES. Sold by H. R. Echols, Marlinton, W. Va., at 10c. per package.

Top of Alleghany.
If you will lend me a little space in your valuable paper we will give you some of the latest happenings W. B. Freeman has been confined to his bed the past week but is slowly convalescing.

The Buffalo Mountain School taught by Charles Spencer will close the 28th. Then Charlie is going to mill.

E. E. Wilfong sold his farm to Luther Phillips. Emery will move to Boyer where he will resume work in the lumber business.

Dave and Charles Varner started to Iowa Monday. They will visit their brother and sister while away.

Claude Barkley cut his foot a few days ago. But girls look out when he gets better.

Most all the young ladies got real nice valentines, but the boys are a little slow.

Miss Florence Clutter is getting along nicely with her school. G. W. and W. Lee Wilmoth captured a very fine coon recently, which they are going to tame. The boys say they want to plant lots of mighty sight of help in a corn field.

Rev Pullin preached a very interesting sermon at Top Alleghany last Sunday to a small congregation on account of bad weather.

Rev Lowther preached to the people Sunday.

Joseph Pennell, who had the misfortune to get badly crippled some time ago, is able to be up again.

George Sheets was at Marlinton on business Saturday.

Daniel Monday, a young farmer, who lives on the Clark place, on the head of Williams River, was hunting for cattle a few days ago and came upon three large bears. One of them attempted to run by him, and he threw his gun, a large mountain rifle, at it, but they all made their lucky escape.

Jim Shafer, son-in-law of Andrew Rose, will move to Joseph McNeil's grazing farm soon. He will run Mr. McNeil's farm while he attends to the stock. Jim is a hustler.

Harper Atkinson and Andy Lightner will cut a lot of red oak for W. McClinton at once.

It raineth and snoweth and a certain young man takes his wagon and brings his girl to church.

Jasper Aldridge has been to Academy on business.

Park McNeil is digging coal for W. McClinton for a livelihood. When he gets his job completed he will start for Klondike.

John Beverage has purchased quite a lot of timber and will operate it soon.

George Simmons and David Londermilk are cutting timber on the Simmons property for James Sheets.

Plenty of mud and water.

We think the Greenback correspondent who has so much to say about bad roads ought to come to Lobelia and travel around a few roads. We have no bottom in our roads.

Miss Annie Sullivan closed her school at Jacob yesterday, with a good entertainment and a large crowd in attendance. Miss Annie is a good teacher and we hope she will not do as most of the teachers are doing: Change her name and go to house keeping.

Rev Callison preached for us last Saturday night and Sunday morning.

Miss Maggie Vaughn has returned home from up the county where she has been teaching.

J. B. Grimes closed his school at Academy last Friday.

Rev C. M. Anderson closed his school on Hills Creek last Friday, with a big spelling match.

George Kinnison feels very independent these days since it is a boy!

Thomas Vaughn's youngest son is very sick at this writing.

W. G. Curry expects to begin work on his new store house soon. He wants to get moved into it as quickly as possible.

Mrs. Joel O. Hill, who has been sick for some time, is getting better.

MR. NOBODY.

NOTICE
We have taken charge of the Lobelia mills at Lobelia, and earnestly solicit your patronage. We will endeavor to please and accommodate our customers in every way we possibly can. We always keep on hand a supply of Flour, Meal, Bran, Shorts, and Ground Chicks. Timothy and Clover Seed, Seed Oats, Salt, Nails, etc. We will take in exchange for goods Bacon Potatoes, Apples, Beans, Dried Fruits, Hides, Tallow, Wool, etc.